for Divorce.

ily Protest.

Sensational Fight for a Million-Dollar Estate Stirs Former Frisco Beauty Sues Sea-Loving Husband Omaha Girl Becomes Soldier's Bride Despite Fam- Goath erd Unearths Fortune Hidden by Default-



THE THREE PRINCIPALS NOW ATTRACTING ATTENTION IN THE CELEBRATED CASE.

New York, May 28. - Eighty-two-year-old Cornelius H. Van

Ness, his Di-year-old bride, Alice, and George Otto Pobe, a

student, are the central figures in a fight for a million-dellar

estate that is full of strange contradictions and cross-

charges. Hy the death of his second wife Van Ness came in-

to possession of the property that is causing all the trouble,

and it is the relatives of this dead wife who are making the

Van Ness with the consent of her husband, young Pobe, for

the purpose of getting possession of his goods and chartels.

their cousin, Louis Van Ness Day. They are the nearest liv-

that her intention was to divide her estate equally between

his wife on her deathbed to keep the estate intact and di-

vide it at his death into three parts, one for each of her

nearest relatives. When she was drawing up her will she

started to insert a clause giving Mr. Van Ness merely a life

him to carry out her wishes, and promised faithfully to see that they were respected. This request is all that gives us

any standing in court, and we expect to prove that it was

more than \$40,000 per year. This income is ample for all his

needs. He has never spent more than \$3,000 a year in his life

for living expenses. They have evidence, however, that he

has been disposing of some security forming part of the es-

tate. This, it is contended, he has no right to do under the

will. Although the will does not expressly state that he has

only a life interest in the estate, its wording makes it clear

that this is what the late Mrs. Van Ness intended. It is our

work as lawyers to try to show what was the real intention

Asked to give her side of the story to Republic readers,

"This whole persecution is infamous. I married Mr. Van

Ness because he asked me to and because I wanted to. 1

never asked him for money. I never thought of money when

I married him, and I have never asked him for money since.

I first met him in Cornwall, where I had gone for my health,

I was boarding there and sprained my ankle one day near

his house. He was very kind to me, and I have found him

the neighbors began to tell me awful things about him. I did

not know what to do and did not say anything to him about

me away by trying to scare me. One of them told me that I

had 'better skip.' She advised me to get all the money I

all about it. He began an investigation, which showed that

carbolic acid had been bought at the drug store, and we

found two bottles that had held the acld in the house. One

of the bottles was still half full of the acid. I was not sure

even then that they had tried to kill me until I read about

the symptoms of carbolic acid poisoning, which agreed ex-

I would have asked him to give me a certain amount before

I accepted him. I did not ask him for money then, nor have

I ever asked him for money since. I have even refused to

accept a great many of the things that he has wanted to do

ridiculously faise. I knew him slightly at Port Jervis, where

his family lives. He admits that he had been drinking when

he wrote the letter to me, and that he did not mean it to be

taken seriously. I did not understand it at all, and wrote

were married. They are queer people. They quarreled with

his other wife, too, and never went to visit her, and she

The aged husband confirms his wife's statements, and de-

"My wife is innocent. There is not a purer girl in the

Her character is all right from A to Z. Before I mar-

clares he will make it warm for those who are trying to

ried her I went to Port Jervis and found out all about her.

I did not marry with my eyes shut, as they are trying to

in Port Jervis, and had taught a Sunday-school class of little

girls for a long time. Her family is one of the best in Port

Jervis, and they are very nice people. I am very glad of the

wife that I got, and I don't think it is anybody's business. I

my house and I had her taken care of and sent her home in

a hack. The more I saw of her the better I liked her. I was

very happy when she consented to be my wife. Of course, I

told my friends about it, and some of them tried to argue

me cut of it. One of the men who was opposed to the match

was Francis B. Chedsey, one of the executors of my late

married for?" I said: 'You're married, aren't you? I sup-

pose you think that you are the only man in the world that

did a better piece of work than in getting married.

"I am old enough to know what I am about, and I never

"I want to say that this whole matter is a conspiracy.

They have been spreading all kinds of reports about me

They say I was a pauper when I married my second wife.

That is a lie. I was connected with the New York Central

Railroad for a good many years as immigration agent. I

used to know William H. Vanderbilt very well. I used to

cluding a fine sleigh that he used to ride in. I spent \$100,000

on the education of my daughter by my first wife. I sent

her to Germany for five years to complete her music educa-

persons who is responsible for this suit that will be startling

when they are brought out. I intend to have this person's

One of this gang is connected with the Mechanics' Bank. I

went down there and took out all the money I had on de-

posit. Another one owes me \$19,000. Maybe he thinks I won't

say that all my wife gave me was a life interest in her

property. They say that I must only spend the income from

wife's intention that the property should be divided among

It and must not touch the principal, because it was my

the three other helrs she names in her will after my death.

She made no such provision in her will, and never made any

such request of me at any time. A long time before she died

we discussed the matter of will making, and I said that I

thought we had better each make a will leaving all our prop-

erty to the survivor, and that after the death of the survivor

the estate should be divided into three parts, two of which

should go to the Harmon girls and the third to their cousin,

Louis Van Ness Day, her nearest relatives. Se, you see, this

part of the will was made at my own suggestion."

"The lawyers for the people who have brought this suit

record made public in court before I am through with him

"There are a great many facts in the career of one of the

call him Bill. I have given him a good many presents,

tion. That doesn't look as if I was a pauper, does it?

You old fool, what in the world do you want to get

"I first met her by accident. She sprained her ankle near

"I found that she was a member of the Reformed Church

make trouble for her and for him. He said:

am old enough to know what I want.

wife's will. He said to me:

has a right to have a wife."

"I have not met any of Mr. Van Ness's relatives since we

"As for the statement that I married Otto Pobe, it is

"I did not marry Mr. Van Ness for his money. If I had

actly with what I had felt at the time.

an indignant reply.

make it appear.

never visited them, either."

"After that they tried to poison me. I told Mr. Van Ness

"Just as soon as I had gone to live in his home some of

"Our contention is that Mr. Van Ness was instructed by

direct questions, and has tried to avoid interviewers,

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

interest in the estate.

in making the will."

the young wife said:

NOW THEY CAN NOD AND WINK AND SAY, "I TOLD YOU SO."

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

San Francisco, May 26.-It has been many moons since there was as much wagging of tongues in local society circles as has been occasioned by the petition for absolute divorce filed with County Clerk Deane by Ella the Countess Festetles de Tolna against Count Rodolph Pestetles de Tolna. The charges are desertion and failure to provide.

sensational charges against pretty Mrs. Van Ness number Thus another of those marriages between the handsome In an injunction proceeding, brought to restrain the aged. and fortunate American girl and the scion of a noble Eurobridgeroom from disposing of his property, they set up the pean house has gone wrong. Most of those marriages do and Mrs. James Delaney, at No. 1513 Leavenworth street, claim that the bride is a bigamist, and that she matriet will be a surprise to those not in the secrets of her heart, The charge is indignantly denied by both Mr. and Mrs. Van for it was generally supposed that her life with her erratic Ness, but, singularly enough. Pobe has refused to answer. Austrian Count had been a long swimming through troopic him as a son-in-law. The girl often remonstrated with her The plaintiffs in the injunction suit are Harriet and Marie Harmon, daughters of Frank D. Harmon, an attorney, and opalescent isles of fancy, a listening to the whispering southern breezes freighted with the odors of orange flowers and ing relatives of the second Mrs. Van Ness, and their claim is spice—the "airs that breathe from Paradise upon a world of with clocklike regularity, and were answered as regularly crime." He was pictured, in the American mind, as a happy them. Lawyer Charles Blandy, who is prosecuting the case, sea wanderer, careless as the tattooed man of Tai-o-hae; she, as contented as the Queen of a palm-crested stoll, with grateful subjects bringing her their willing tribute of breadiruit and copra, pearl and gold.

But in her divorce complaint the young Countess tells another tale and sings a mournful song. She tired of the "He begged her not to do this. He begged her to trust deep and its dangers. The typhoons smote their cockle-shell home. The great green waves affrighted her. She wearled of the thrash of head winds and the calms grew irksome. She longed for the land, and for a home life among the peo-"The plaintiffs do not care how he spends his income of pies of the cities. She begged her Count that he cease his ple wedding which took place at the home of a Catholic restless wanderings and find for her an abiding place. He priest dented her plea and spurned her request. He proposed to to St. Joseph Mo., where they are now visiting relatives.

more barbaric coasts. And then, at Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, the separation came. She clung to the shore and he beat to open sea. Then she returned to the arms of her parents and to the home land of her longing. The pretty American girl is tired of being a Countess. She pleads that the San Franisco court will permit her to be plain Ella Haggin once

again. Miss Ella Haggin was but 18 years old when she met and married the Count. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, she was the granddaughter of J. B. Haggin, multimillionaire partner in the great firm of Haggin & Tevis. So she was prospective heiress to part of the wondrous Haggin fortune. The Count was the son of Count Sigismund Festetics, Chamberlain of the Austrian Court. He were the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Eleventh Austrian Hussars—one of the "fierce hussars" of Campbell's poetry. It was said that he was rich, and he seemed graceful and gracious.

So there was a notable ceremony at the home of the it for a long time. One day they thought they would drive Haggins at No. 28 Fifth avenue, New York, on February 24, 1892, and there were many to envy the slip of a girl who had captured a nobleman just at the outset of her career.

The Count and Countess came on to San Francisco, and soon he was up to his ears in small financial troubles. He studied navigation, and there was a suit over the payment of the tuition fees. Her father had Cantain Matthew Turner build for the Count a seagoing yacht, which the Count called the Tolna, in honor of his mighty name. It was not a fancy craft, with mirrors and rare carvings and gingerbread work please the eyes of the tarry salts of Sausalito and Tiburon, but a stout craft, fit for trading rather than pleasure, for rule buffetings rather than the rollicking cruises to Vallejo and the river stretches.

Suits clustered thick about the Count when he came to fitting and furnishing his craft-little, annoying suits, that pestered like so many mosquitoes. It seemed that he couldn't turn this way or that without getting into some sort of financial trouble. The old women began to shake their heads, The gossips predicted a stormy voyage on the seas of matri-

mony. Now they can nod and wink and say "I told you so." It was given out that the Count and Countess were going for a long voyage in the Southern seas, to which the shark fins cleave the ocean's calm, to note the monstrous frolic of the cachalot, to see the albatross poise on broad and east wing, and to glimpse the barbaric isles as they appeared against the sudden rift of dawn. But, notwithstanding his ourse in navigation, he couldn't secure a master's certificate because he was a foreigner. So the pretty Countess stepped secured the certificate herself, qualifying handliy, Captain Wichman, however, was taken along as navigating

officer. The Tolna satied on October 3, 1893. e outside the three-mile limit, once on the boundless unsteady and unstable realm of no man's land the Count sent Captain Wichman below, shivered his timbers, spliced the main brace, and took stern command. He shouted his orders like the flerce hussar he was. He strode the deck with proud and martial tread. And, steering for Honolulu, he nearly wrecked the Tolna on the stern and reckbound ceast of Point Reyes. Then Captain Wichman resumed command, and the yacht reache! Honolulu in due course and in safety. Next a course was steered for Tahiti and the coral Islands of seas yet more remote.

Then up out of the ocean came strange tales of the Count's idlosyncrasies of troubles with his crew, with port officers, with the natives of the shore; of hair-breadth 'scapes and weary perils, of storm and stress and singularities. So there were trials and tribulations to mar the dream of re-And then the two drifted on and out of the gossip of the San Prancisco tea tables, and it was supposed that they had reached some baven of unalloyed delight.

In 1897 the Tolna was reported at Kobe, in Japan, and the Countess came home on a cablegram stating that her mother was seriously ill in New York. When she passed through this city there were nods and winks and hints at a separation; but in due time she rejoined the Count in the Orient. Again it was supposed that all was well, and the affairs of the Festetics occupied small place in the tattle of the town.

the day that the Signal Corps went to-G-r-r-r-cat Scott! But a little time ago came the story that the Tolna. which had bumped on many a reef and escaped many dangers of the deep, had come to final wreck off the Island of Minicoy, in the Indian Ocean. The Count and his crew were saved; and then the curious ascertained that the Countess on hoard, but safe in the home of her parents in New York. Less than two weeks ago she came alone to San Francisco and went to the home of her great-aunt. Mrs. Lloyd Tevis. And now Lawyer E. S. Pillsbury has filed the suft which tells that the marital biles of the Festetics has come to as complete a wreck as the stout yacht Toins in the Indian Ocean.

Thick Skull of a Noted Negro. *

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Williamstown, Pa., May 19.-The most remarkable negro known to this section of the State is dead. His name was Abraham Parsons and he was nearly \$9 years old.

Parsons was noted for the many "butting" exhibitions he had given. It was a saying that he could butt the bricks out of a wall, and it was a fact that with the top of his head he could split a two-inch plank. After his death, at the Town Farm, an autopsy showed that his skull was one and onehalf times as thick as that of an average man, and that in the middle of the forehead the skull bone was three-quarters of an inch thick. A number of tumors, caused by the various concussions that Parsons had voluntarily undergone, were found on his brain, but they did not enter into the causes of



FIVE YOUNG WOMEN, EACH CARRYING A GRIP, ENTERED THE BURLINGTON DEPOT AND BOUGHT TICKETS FOR KANSAS CITY,

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Omaha, May 28.-Miss Anna DeLaney the young woman who during the Transmississippi Exposition appeared as the star pupil of Professor Van Sant's class, operating a typewriter at the rate of 100 words per minute while blindfolded. has eloped with a soldler named Edwin Johnson, and is now here by the thicf, has been found. with him in Havana, Cuba. She left Omaha May 12, estensibly on a vacation, joined him in Kansas City, where they were married, and left with him at once for their new home in the Gem of the Antilles.

Mrs. Johnson, nee DeLaney, lived with her parents, Mr. gang aglee, but the suit of the pretty Californian Counters and was employed as a stenographer in Swift's packinghouse. South Omaha, where she made \$60 a mouth. She had known Johnson three years. During this time he had oven a most devoted suitor, but the girl's parents did not approve tens of marriage bilss, a dodging in and out between the parents for this opposition, but to no avail. They insisted that he was not a suitable husband for her, and also that she was too young to marry.

Meanwhile letters bearing the Havana postmark arrived Then the time for her summer vacation came. She told her employers, office associates and friends that she was going to take a trip through the Southern States, and bade them good-by. That was all the information she vouchsafed them. And as to her parents, they knew even less.

The first intimation they had that things were not moving in their accustomed groove was when their daughter failed to come home Saturday night, May 12. About 9:45 that evening five young women, each carrying

a grip, entered the Burlington Depot and bought tickets for Kansas City. The party comprised Miss Anna Delaney and four sisters of the prospective groom-Misses Mary, Jennie, Flora and Norah Johnson. Letters received since from Kansas City describe the sim-

After the ceremony the four sisters of the groom returned

sail on and on and on into further seas, to touch at still. The newly married couple took the first train for the Southwest, and three days later, at St. Augustine, Fia., embarked for Havana Edwin Johnson's father is chief clerk of the Quarterman

ter's Department and Edwin is his first assistant. The groom's mother and five sisters, one of whom is an invalid, live at No. 1532 William street, Omaha,

LIFE LINE WAS BROKEN

Convert to Palmistry Became Despondent and Took Paris Green.

Boston, Mass., May 36.-Because the "life line" on her hand was broken before it reached the base of the thumb. and the reading of the cards foretold a violent death, Mrs. Jennie Patriquin committed suicide at her home in Chelsea She and John Patriquin, a barber, were married three years ago, and their married life seemed to be a long honeymoon.

Two months ago they took as a boarder William Young a traveling agent for a sewing machine company. Young was an ardent student of palmistry and card-reading, and Mrs. Patriquin became interested and learned to read for herself.

From a scoffer she became a confirmed believer in the dark prophecies of the cards. The stories they told preved on her mind and she was despondent.

Then Mr. Patriquin objected to her devoting all her time to thumbing the cards and studying palmistry, and they had a quarrel over it. She was disconsolate, and she mixed five spoonfuls of Paris green in a glass of water and drank it.

She was taken to the Frost Hospital, where before she died she told how the cards and her life line had foretold her violent death in middle age, and she said she did not care to worty any more about it. Death came after hours of fearful

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TANK.

Something that Happened to a Brooklyn Young Man at a Ball.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 19.-Tanks are well enough in their way, but not when they're in some one else's way. That is what J. Thornton McDonald thought at the Pelytechnic, Jr., dance, and doubtless he holds the opinion still

The Poly is noted for the number of nooks and corners available for tete-a-tetes at a big dance. There are the symnastum galleries, the long halls, the library and the plungeroom, just off the gymnastum. All of them were brilliantly lighted on the occasion of the Junior promenade, except the tank. Enshrouded in inky blackness and mute as the Dead Sea, the tank gave forth no evidence of its liquid presence. Not a ripple broke its surface; not a murmur stirred its depths.

J. Thornton McDonald was dancing with one of the prettiest girls at the promenade. Wearying of dancing, he said, "Let's walk," and his partner gracefully agreed, 'Where shall we walk?" asked the girl.

"Oh, anywhere," said McDonald, "so long as its cool. Suppose we walk in here." Mr. McDonald entered the plungeroom. Outside from up the corridor could be heard the strains of music. The Poly Juniors and their guests were dancing and overheating them-

the plungeroom. "I wonder where we are?" said the girl. "Don't know, I'm sure," answered McDonald, "Janitor's storeroom, likely. Jolly old place, anyway. I wish there was ome ice water here, or something. Something moist and this cool air would be a delightful combination. Not since

selves. McDonald pitted them, for it was cool and dark in

Oh-o-o-oo! Pf-f-f-f-f: Gr-r-r-r-r." The tank had done its work. Why, Mr. McDonald," exclaimed the girl, "where are

"Pf-pf-pf-puff. Br-r-r-phew," replied Mr. McDonald. "Why, I can't see a thing," said the girl. "Are you over there. I'm coming over, anyway, whether you are or not.

"Don't," spluttered McDonald. "Don't. Can't you see? I'm in the tank-in the water, I fell in."

"Can I help you?" asked his partner. "If you do you'll fall in, too. Reckon-puff-you'll-ouch !have to sit this dance out alone. What have you done with these steps? Who the mischief has taken those steps? I can't get out unless I find them. No, don't call. Got 'em, I think. Yes, here they are, down this end. Look out; don't get near me. I'm awfully wet."

J. Thornton McDonald stood in the half light of the doorway and shook himself.

"Twe got to get out of this," he said. "Do you suppose you could get my hat and coat from the coatroom? It's upstairs. Wait till I get the water out of my pocket and I'll give you the check."

Out into the night, a few minutes later, went Mr. McDon-Wrapped in his overcoat, he went home, dripping all the way. An hour later, spick, span and immaculate, he appeared in the Poly symnasium

Back in the cool recesses of the Poly, while Mr. McDonald danced again, the ripples played about the surface of the Parsons's old wife, an inmate of the Town Farm, sur- tank. He had started them when he dropped, aggravated them when he splashed, and they were still busy,





A POOR SHEEPHERDER CAME INTO A LITTLE STORE AT TOPO CHICO AND CHANGED AN AMERICAN FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Monterey, Mexico, May 26.-The \$190,000 stolen by Cashler John B. Koetting from the South Side Savings Bank in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1803, and which was hidden in the hills near Side High School was first put into operation-a period long

The lucky finder is a poor geatherd, a peon, named San-

chez, who never had as much as \$50 at one time before. treasure is most remantle and sensational. In the spring of not be met, but this has not proved to be the case, for the 1803 Milwaukee went through a financial crisis which wrecked lunchroom to-day is entirely self-supporting and the numa number of the most prominent business houses and brought ber of its patrons but little smaller than it was during the distress into thousands of homes. In the space of a few days first few weeks of its existence, four banks failed, among them the South Side Savings Bank, the only institution of its kind in that part of the city,

John R. Keetting was cashier of this bank. He and his family had lived in Milwaukee for a number of years, and the esteem and confidence which he enjoyed did much to bring business to the bank. He was the financial adviser of the entire South Side.

After the failure Keetting disappeared. Shortly the State Bank Examiner gave out that the books showed that the cashier's accounts were falsified, and that he was a defaulter to the extent of \$100,000.

The case was given over to the police. Keetting was traced and found in hiding in Colorado. He was arrested and brought back. At the preliminary hearing he was admitted to \$2600 ball. This was promptly furnished by friends, his brother-in-law alone going on his bond for \$15.600. Keetting hung around the city for a few days, apparently making preparations for his defense. Then he again disappeared,

About this time there arrived at the Topo Chico Springs, just outside of Monterey, a substantial-looking business man, who gave his name as Bauer, and said that he was looking for investments. He had plenty of money. He was seen to have three pocketbooks in his possession, and each contained a large sum of money, a great deal of it in bills of large denominations. He held himself aloof from the guests of the hotel during the daytime, instead taking long walks in the neighboring hills and surrounding country. His favorite walk seemed to be in the direction of a cave not very far away, and his constant visits to this place excited the curiosity of some of the guests.

When the mysterious stranger had been at the hotel some weeks a gentleman arrived, registering from Milwaukee. He seemed to make friends with Baser from the day

The next day Bauer and the Milwaukee man left the Springs and took the train for Laredo. There, despite the promises of his brother-in-law, who had succeeded in tracing the fugitive to his Mexican hiding place. Keetting was hand cuffed and searched. As he had stated, he had but a few hundred dollars,

The Milwaukee police were convinced that Koetting was lying when he said that he had spent the entire amount of Creamed potatoes, for instance, are splendid balancers for his defalcation, and at two different times detectives were sent to Topo Chico. Their search was fruitless. The guests of the hotel, who had noticed Baner's strange actions, also searched in vain.

This was in 1893, but when John E. Koetting serves out his term in the penitentiary and comes to Monterey to find his buried hoard, he will be a disappointed man. It will not be where he buried it.

A few weeks ago a poor sheepherder came into a little store at Topo Chico and changed an American \$5 bill. He might have got it from one of the guests of the hotel, so no questions were asked, and he was given the change. The next week he went into the same store and presented an American \$100 Treasury note, and asked to have it given to him in Mexican money, making some small purchases,

The police were notified and the man was watched Next week the man became belder. He tried a \$500 bill, and he was arrested. He confessed that he found the money accidentally while herding his sheep on the hills back of Topo Chico, but he absolutely refuses to give any further information. But that the police will succeed in getting it out of him there is no doubt.

CHOKED BY CANDY MARBLE.

Ten-Year-Old St. Paul Boy Got One Stuck in His Throat.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

St. Paul, Minn., May 26.-An ordinary, harmless-looking candy marble came near choking out the life of 10-year-old James Schiehy, the only son of James R. Schiehy, a wellknown St. Paul contractor.

While he was dressing for school, the lad saw one of the candy marbles on the sideboard. He put it in his mouth and started to chew, but the hard ball slipped and went down his throat, where it stuck fast. The boy tried in vain to swallow it or to cough it up.

No one was about to help him. He fell to the floor. Then the noise attracted his aunt and his mother from an adjoining room. They found the child, with swollen neck, face a purple blue and eyes distorted. Mrs. Schiehy called her husband, who at once grasped the

situation. Taking the boy in his arms, the father rushed out of the house to the neighboring office of Doctors Wirth & Odendahl. The physicians placed the boy on his head and pulled the marble out of his throat. The patient immediately

swallowed and the candy went down his throat a second The physicians feared that it had gotten into the windpipe, but instead it had found a passage, and in a few moments the patient recovered. Subsequently he vemited and bled freely from the throat and nose. By evening he had

WENT TO COURT OVER A HEN.

Brown Leghorn Causes Legal Contest at Oakland, Cal.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

escapes from losing her.

fully recovered.

Oakland, Cal., May M.-James O'Leary and A. E. Gaskill, both of whom reside on Claremont avenue, were parties to a suft in the Police Court over a brown Leghorn hen, which was awarded to O'Leary. He was compelled to pay the costs of court before he was given the bird. These costs figured up an amount that would purchase a coop of similar O'Leary, who is a veteran of the Spanish War, is now

engaged in the peaceful occupation of raising chickens, and the particular hen which was taken into the Police Court was one of his fowls, so he testified: She had, however, a desire to fly over into Gaskill's yard, and she did so occasionally. In fact, she was there so much of the time that Gaskill, according to O'Leary, came to look upon the chicken as his own property, and when O'Leary went to get the hen and put her in his own yard a few days ago, Gaskill object-O'Leary then swore out a search warrant, and, with the assistance of a policeman, recovered the hen from Gaskill's chicken-house. Property Clerk Mitchell, to whom the hen was turned over pending a termination of the litigation, fixed up quarters for her in his office, but breathed a sigh of relief when the case was decided, for he had several narrow

O'Leary, in applying for a search warrant, placed a value of 50 cents on the hen, yet he willingly paid the costs of court and seemed satisfied to get ber back,

Milwaukee Finds the Plan a Decided Success -How Conducted.



OLD-FASHIONED STEWS AND HASHES MAS-QUERADING UNDER HIGH-FLOWN NAMES

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Milwaukee, Wis., May X-It is now five months since the plan of furnishing warm lunchesus to the pupils of the South enough for a satisfactory test of that was a distinct innovation in this city. There were those who predicted when the lunchroom was opened that after the novelty had worn The story leading up to the discovery of this hidden off the attendance would be so small that the expenses could

Principal Burch, who was sesponsible for starting it, is more than satisfied with the success it has achieved,

There have been but few change in the method of preparing or serving the luncheons, so well laid were the original plans devised by Mr. Burch and Miss Emma Stiles, the Lewis Institute graduate, who has charge of the work; nor has it been found necessary to add much to the excellent equipment which was provided by the school itself. The food is prepared in one of the large basement rooms, a portion of which has been partitioned off for a kitchen, while the larger part has been flued up with plain pine tables and chairs. Miss Stiles has only one pati assistant, a cook, but there is a regular corps of helpers who do the serving and attend to the cashier's desk in return for their own lunchcons. The average attendance numbers about seventy, which includes about fifteen teachers from surrounding ward

"We have done a good deal of close figuring, of course, to make both ends meet," said Miss Stiles the other day, "It's so close that during examination week, when the children went home early and did not stay for lunch, we ran behind; but we've made that up long ago, and now we are not only ahead on the stock we have on hand, but we always have a few dollars in the treasury. But when you consider that the average lunch is about 12 cents, and that the greater proportion of orders are for but 5 and 10 cents apiece, you can see

that the receipts are never very large." Nothing on the bill of fare, which is made up of nine or ten dishes, costs over 5 cents. At the start one 10-cent dish was served each day, but any one ordering it with one or two other dishes besides got it for a nickel, too, so that practically the same rates as those in vogue then now prevail, But the lo-cent dish never proved popular and so was dropped. and anything now is to be had for 5 cents. Even with strawberries and cream, costing a quarter in uptown restaurants. the delectable dish is served at the South Side High Cebool

lunchroom for just one-fifth of that amount "Of course, though," Miss Stiles explains, "It costs us more than 5 cents to serve a dish of strawberries and cream, and whenever they are included in our bill of fare I have to figure serving something that costs less proportionately. agances and they

The menus vary from day to day, and the effort is always made to adapt them to the weather so far as it can be foretold. For instance, on one of the piping hot days that came so unexpectedly last week Miss Stiles set before the children this sort of a bill of fare:

Chicken Soup. Cannelon of Beef. Creamed Potatoes. Creamed Toast. Spinach Salad. Chicken Sandwiches. Egg Lemonade. Strawberries and Cream Milk and Lady Fingers.

0.. Pretty nearly every one drank egg lemonade that day. It was served foamy and delicious in tail glasses, and a glass was a fairly good lunch in itself. Egg lemonade in the uptown places where such things are sold is not to be had for 5 cents.

Chocolate.

There is always a soup, a ment and a potato dish, usually a salad, and invariably a simple wholesome dessert, with milk or chocolate for drink. Sometimes reast ments are served, but usually the meat is in the form of a made dish. which, as Miss Stiles explains, is twice as hard to prepare, since part of the cocking must be done the day before. But the days that roast beef and brown potatoes are on the bill of fare are the ones that are most popular with the boys who are not so fond of croquettes and ragouts and the rest of the things that are really old-fashioned stews and hashes masquerading under high-flown names.

Some sample menus, showing what is being served from day to day are given below, just as they were copied at random from Miss Stiles's housekeeping book, in which she keeps a close watch on everything in connection with the

Cream of Water Cress Soun

Commed Potatoes.

Veal Toest.

Chocolate.

Beet Greens, Roast Beef Sandwiches Milk and Gingerbread. Baking Powder Biscuitst Cup Custards. Bananas and Cream. Pea Soup. Scottoped Lamb. Spinach Salad. Mashed Petatoes. Peanut Sandwiches. Milk and Cookies.

"What do the children eat? The sensible things. Of course, nothing on the menu is of a sort that they ought not to cat, for we aim to have even our desserts nutritious as well as palatable. We never have fancy dishes, but we do have good ones, and it is a perfectly natural taste that demands simple sweets. You'd be surprised to know how sensible the children are about their orders, too. The boys almost invariably take the meat and potato dishes, but the girls order them almost as frequently. Milk and sponse cake or gingerbread or cookies, as the case happens to be, is a favorite order, and so is chocolate, which a good many get to drink with the cold luncheons they bring from home. We have a good deal of that kind of ordering, you see. dren bring their own sandwiches and then supplement them with some 5-cent order from the bill of fare."

The work of preparing for seventy hungry young people is no small task. Miss Stiles and her assistant work from \$ o'clock in the morning until after 6 at night, and then they have help in washing the dishes and waiting on the counters where the food is dispensed. Many of the dishes require a good deal of work, such as croquettes, which are a favorite, or corned beef hash, which has to be gotten ready the day before.

"With the East Side's attendance of 400 and the West Side's of 650, it is probable that the attendance at lunchrooms in those schools would run from 150 to 200" said Mr. Burch. "The trouble is that the South Side school was the only one in which it was possible to put the thing to test. We had plenty of room, a thing that no other High school in town has, and there was everything to encourage us in going ahead. I am thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the plan. You can't tell anything about the effect it has had on the health of the children, but It goes without saying that wholesome warm lunch, eaten comfortably, is better than a cold luncheon gobbled hastily. Some of the School Board Directors and principals of other schools have been down to lunch with us occasionally, and invariably they go away pleased with what they see, and regretting that circumstances make it impossible to extend the plan to other schools. schools,"